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MUSICIAN'S REVIEW

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No. II

TONE POWER.

T is not improbable that one of the greatest discoveries of the near future will be that it is the science of sound which moves the world, and in fact the whole system of creation. The secret of what we call "the laws of Keely's motor force," claims to start and regulate the vibratory engine by the sound produced with a fiddle-bow draw across a magnet. It seems altogether likely that Keely has discovered the force of some kind which is not the scientific knowledge to understand or control. A nice Darwin (*Mrs. Hughes*), writing upon the evolution of "Tones and Colors," advances theories, gained from Scriptural study, which correspond with those demonstrated by Mr. Keely. He says, "that the entire material creation is as though it which develop some keep the heavenly bodies in their order. My great desire is for even the philosophical mind to take up my views, as an entitly gain from the Scriptures; and I am certain they will be found to be the laws developing every natural science throughout the universe." —*American Musician*.

A MUSICAL EXPERIMENT ON ELEPHANTS.

trunks gently, and seemed to breathe the emanations of love. The voices were heard during the first half of the air they did not utter a single cry; their movements were slow, measured, and seemed to participate in the softness of the song. This was the first silent moment of the scene. This was the moment of confusion to the gay and lively accents of "Ca Ira," played in D, by the whole orchestra. By that transfer, came their cries of joy, some louder than others, some shrill, some deep, some in intonation; by their whistlings, of their coming and going, one would have said that the rhythm was passed from hand to hand, that it was being forced upon them to go along as itself. But happily the invisible power which had brought the trouble to their senses was also able to appease it, and the adagio from the opera "Dardanus" came to calm the violence of their movements. —*Rambouillet.*

THE SIAMESE NATIONAL HYMN.

some time before, a music publisher at Rotterdam had advertised a volume containing a piano forte arrangement of the national hymns of every country ordered it, and sure enough there was the German Hymn, and another, which, as Dr. Markus had some slight misgivings regarding the genuineness of the piece, he arranged it for his orchestra, and as it was of a somewhat outlandish character, he trusted to his good luck to have found the right thing.

gramme for his reception was published, and Mr. Markus saw that on the King's entry his hand was to play the Dutch Hymn. As he was thinking to keep his light hidden under a bushel, he went to the Government House and asked for explanation. He was told that no one had ever heard of a Siamese Hymn, the most appropriate tune would be the Dutch Hymn. So Mr. Markus reported to the Governor that he had procured the Siamese Hymn, and that his hand would be able to play it on the occasion of the King's arrival. The aide-de-camp was much pleased to hear this and said he believed the King would appreciate it very great attention. There was a silence at the Government House all day, and the Siamese Hymn was asked for; it had to be repeated twice, and delighted every one present.

He was so pleased by the effect produced by admiration of the performance of the Dutch Hymn by the Siamese hand, and asked if he might be permitted to hear the Siamese Hymn also. This request, however, could not be complied with, as, up to that time, none of the European bandmasters had succeeded in harmonizing that strange tune according

to European harmonic laws. The Governor, however, remarked that his bandmaster had succeeded in doing so, and was in a position to receive His Majesty on landing with the Siamese Hymn arranged for European instruments. The King was surprised and much pleased. He said it had long been his great wish to hear his native melody played by a European hand, and he should be glad to be allowed to have copies made out at once for his own band.

The next morning the King came on shore. The bands was stationed on the pier opposite Government House. The King's carriage came near the pier. The Hymn was struck up; it sounded beautiful in the clear, still morning air, causing a feeling of profound satisfaction to Mr. Markus. As the carriage stopped, he saw a small black umbrella which the latter took for a sure sign of the ex-
cellency. The hymn had produced on His Majesty a very strong impression. In the evening Mr. Markus went to Government House to pay his respects to the King. He was told that the Chamberlain had already enquired several times after him. He went at once to that gentleman, whom he found in great agitation. "For heaven's sake," said Mr. Markus, "tell me what you want." "I have known much anxiety in fact, he thinks a trick has been played upon him. After being told yesterday that our band would bandy the Siamese melody, he began to daydream strange plots and misdeeds. I have written a single note of the Siamese Hymn in it. Tell me what you can do to get out of this scrape, and wipe off the bad impression which the band has made." "I shall do my best to keep you from going to that factious tune from." After the Conductor had explained to him what he knew already, he was asked to obtain the King's permission to play the Siamese melody. He agreed, and he would try to obtain them from the native musicians the genuine melody, and, if possible, arrange it for performance at the grand parade which was to take place the following afternoon. The Chamberlain showed his shoulder, but promised to obtain the necessary permission.

There was now no time to be lost. Early the next morning Mr. Markus went on board the yacht, and by an interpreter made his wish known to the King; but when he explained that he did not wish to have the melody played to him, a clarinet player was sent to play to himself. Mr. Markus was given the melody quickly written on shore, and set to work to harmonize it. It was a difficult problem, but after several unsuccessful attempts he completed the task, arranged it for his orchestra, and had it copied on large staves.

Next morning at six o'clock the band met, and although they had only just time to go through the piece once, every one was much struck with the strange, solemn and agreeable character of the music.

Punctually at half past twelve the King, accompanied by the Governor and suite, drove to the parade-ground, and Mr. Markus, for the second time, led his band to perform the Siamese hymn in the procession. His musical honor however did not depend on the success of the tune, but he was soon told that the King must have been favorably impressed, for he passed to the head of the three bands.

The Chinese were also present with a band in Crown Prince in another carriage, headed apparently to Mr. Markus. In the evening there was a State banquet, and after the band had played a concert of their own, the King was greatly delighted by listening standed, as he and his wife and attendants were seated at the State dinner table.

It was standing, when Mr. Markus concluded his saying: "Rarely has anything in music caused more anxiety than the Siamese Nations, Hymn."

Afterwards Mr. Markus received from the King the Order of the Siamese Crown, and the badge a present of one thousand dollars.

Kunkel's Musical Review

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EDITOR

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NATIONAL OPERA.

THE impression is general among the lovers of opera in this country that Mrs. Thurber is the first person who has endeavored to establish a national opera and school of opera in the United States. Such, however, is not the fact. At least forty years ago, the desirability of having a national opera and school of music was being discussed by mere discussions. During the session of the New York legislature of 1851-1852 they obtained a charter for the Academy of Music whose purposes were in the said charter expressed to be "cultivating a taste for music by concerts, operas and other entertainments, which shall be accessible to the public at a moderate charge; by furnishing facilities for instruction in music, and by rewards of prizes for the best musical compositions."

Great expectations were raised in the breasts of the friends of the enterprise, when the Academy building, erected at a cost of \$350,000, was completed. The press of New York was enthusiastic. "It may yet come to pass," said the *New York Tribune*, "that art, in all its ramifications, may be as much esteemed as politics, commerce or the military profession. The dignity of American Artists lies in their hands."

In January, 1885, Ole Bull, then manager of the Academy offered American Composers a prize of one thousand dollars for the best opera upon a strictly American subject. The opening

paragraph of his announcement was as follows: "The undersigned, lesssee and manager of the Academy of Music, desiring to carry out both the letter and the spirit of the charter granted by the State legislature to the above establishment, has determined, as far as is in his power, to make the Academy of Music not alone a home of refined and intellectual amusement, where all classes of citizens may resort with comfort, but also an *academy in reality, whose principal object shall be the encouragement, the development and elevation of American art and artists.*"

Surely, nothing could be more "national" and musically patriotic than the plan of the famous violinist who had identified himself with the enterprise and proved his earnestness and honesty by investing largely his own capital as well as his time and labor in the new venture. The people and the press seemed enthusiastic, everything appeared to assure success and yet, but a few months later, Balf was bankrupted, and American art and artists were left without the protecting care of the Académie of Music.

This precedent is not an encouraging one for the friends of the National School of Opera to which the liberality of Mrs. Thunier has given birth. Of course, one must take into consideration the facts that thirty years have vastly increased the musical culture, as well as the numbers of our people, and it may be said, with at least apparent truth, that the time has so changed that what was then impossible has now become easy. The present enterprises weathered through one season with fair success and has begun the second under favorable auspices. Let us hope it may be more and more successful. But it is useless to attempt to conceal the fact that what measure of success has been attained is solely in the presentation of foreign operas very largely by foreign singers and a foreign orchestra. So far, about the only thing that has been really American about the whole affair is the amount of interest taken by the money which Mrs. Thunier and others have furnished. We do not pretend to for we do not believe it, that it could very well have been otherwise at first. Indeed we do not pretend to here discuss the question of the more or less un-American character of the undertaking so far as it has developed. We simply note what has been accomplished in order to pass beyond and that call the attention of those interested (and that

should be the entire opera loving public of America to what seems to us a radical mistake in the plan by which the existence of the National School of Opera is made dependent upon the permanency of the eastern enterprise proper.

It is easier to understand, however, how the promoters of "national opera," here in America, have upon the idea of organically uniting the stage and school of opera. The stage they thought would create a demand for singers and actors which the school would supply. The stage would itself become a school and afford an opportunity to meritorious American *debutants* and *abandonates* to be heard under favorable auspices. The plan looks well—on paper. The entire history of opera in America, however, has demonstrated that a year or two with the aid of government subsidies, it is to be expected that in this country such undertakings will fare better? But the *sui generis* of success in important schools is their permanency. There are good reasons for this which it is useless to discuss in this connection. It is sufficient here to note the fact which is undeniable. This being true, however, does it seem foolish to make the very existence of a school of opera contingent upon the permanency of the eastern enterprise?

agement of this particular operatic venture. If that were so, the fact would remain that it would be hard to find a more suitable place than that of a school, than the erroneous impression that the school was but ephemeral would be quite as effective in keeping them away as the proven fact itself. Again, if we understand the plan, the leading artists of the operatic troupe are to be the teachers in the school. Here again there seems to be an irreconcileable conflict. The opera going public want constant change—new faces, new voices. If these are not had, if new stars are not made to rise in the operatic firmament by the prudent manager, the public shan don him. But if new teachers are provided from season to season (granting even what is not true) that eminent artists would necessarily be eminent teachers who would be the attraction, based upon results, of this or that teacher, who alone can bring any considerable number of desirable students to any institution?

The practical results of the school have so far we believe, been nothing and they are not likely to be any more in the future, so long as the school is run upon the present plan. Whatever the fate of the operatic enterprise, the school annex, thereto cannot but be a failure. The fact is, we believe that no school of opera can thrive as an annex to an opera troupe. If the National School of opera is to succeed, it must be an independent enterprise, with its own management, its own money, its own life. Mutual helpfulness (if you will, the affection that exists between mother and child may well exist between these two institutions, but all unnatural connections must cease between them, or death will seize upon at least one, if not both...).

If then an independent endowment and a permanent corps of teachers are just as necessary to the success of a school of opera as to that of a college or university, why not divorce the two enterprises and give the school of opera that permanent footing that would not only attract large numbers of students to its portals, but would make it the mother-hive from which successive operatic swarms could take their flight, to succeed perhaps or perhaps to fail, but succeeding or failing without seriously impairing the strength or prosperity of the original stock?

Of a few of our exchanges are going roughshod for the American Opera Company. Criticism is one thing, ill-will is another, and it seems to us quite evident that there is quite as much of the latter as of the former expressed by the articles in question. Undoubtedly, there are many things to criticize in the organization and management of the American Opera Company. Undoubtedly (and we were among the first to state in these columns) Theodore Thomas is not the man that should he at the head of such an enterprise. Possibly a few more Americans might have been secured for its important roles, but when all that has been said, it remains that the idea of organizing a national opera and school of opera was an excellent one, that in the absence of competent management, it is but right that it should be abandoned; that such an organization as *ensemble* is an all-important consideration, and that an excellent artist may not fit in with the rest of the company and for that reason should often be left out. Again, if Thomas is autocratic in the extreme, *prime donne* of all nationalities are proverbially unreasonable. Last, but not least, comes the consideration that this is the only American enterprise of the sort and that, if it fails, it will be many years before a similar undertaking is entered into.

Give the American Opera a chance!

CHORON THE GOOD.

POUR CHORON? Who knows his name now-a-days? Alas, everybody has forgotten him—probably because he did only good! Gratefulness, that memory of the heart, is but little practiced by nations. They remember better those who do them only good; it is easier to remember a cyclone or an overflow that has spread devastation than the peaceful days of sunshine that have passed over us, an entire country. None is better known than Trajan. Hardly do the names of a few men survive the century of their birth, nor is it always the greatest or the worthiest that escape oblivion. I wrote above the name of Choron. It was famous fifty years ago, but who remembers it to-day? No one!

It is in order to right this wrong of oblivion that I have written this article on Choron, the good, I should perhaps say Choron the great, but I would rather make you love him than speak of his glory. Hence I adhere to my title.

Alexandre Choron, the author of this article, whose father filled the then eminent office of superintendent of taxes. Like all those who are endowed with genius for the fine arts, Choron in early youth exhibited a great predilection for the art of singing. His parents were very poor, however, what they called foolish art notions, and he was entered as a student at the college of Juilly and later at the polytechnic school from which he graduated with a high rank in civil engineering, and carried away on an irresistible vocation, he soon sent in his resignation and thereby incurred the enmity of his family. His poverty then compelled him to take refuge in a garret where, living on next to nothing, he devoted himself enthusiastically to the art he cherished.

He was twenty-five years of age when he made the acquaintance of Grétry, who advised him to take lessons from him. Choron followed his advice and soon became, himself, the most eminent teacher of singing of his time—I might say of that century—in spite of the Directors of the Conservatoire, who conscientiously pursued him with their jealousy.

Among the institutions that owed their birth to the munificence of the Restoration that regenerated France, the most important, and destined for war with the Empire, one of the most remarkable and useful was the Classical School of Music, founded in 1814, and whose direction was entrusted to Choron. This school, extremely popular in its character, spread far and wide, and gave musical art through all classes of French society, and to it is due the musical feeling that is met with to-day, even among the lowest classes of the French people.

Choron took his pupils wherever he could find a promising subject—in the workshops of the capital—but mostly villages and hamlets. He took extensive trips over the country, and during one of these he had of entering all schools, chose, upon the information of the teacher, the best singers among those unkeen and much frightened little fellows. "Come, my good boy, sing a song, and we'll see what you would do to the youngster." "Tu clair de la lune," anything?" The younger opened his eyes wide but kept his mouth tightly closed. Then Choron peeped him, and, finding him silent, at last conquered his timidity. "Well! done well done indeed, my boy; you have an excellent voice and your fortune is made!" he would frequently exclaim. And he recommended Paris with a desire to see in whom shoes whom he introduced to his assistant teacher, saying: "Gentlemen, these are the hope of France!"

These words raised a laugh at first, although Choron said them very seriously, but the future showed that he was not mistaken, for during nearly thirty years all the principal vocal artists of France and of the world were pupils of Choron's school.

No man was prouder of that good man; he was short, fat, with very delicate features and an open and expressive countenance, which was especially noticeable for its brilliant expression. He never spoke ill of any man. In a state of exasperation, he would sometimes jump up, singing or whistling, stopping suddenly to think for an instant, then resuming his flight but reaching his destination only after having made a few steps. All the men around were amazed by his speech rapidity and well for he was a master of much wit and of great learning.

One day he reached his school out of breath and called out for his principal pupil, "Gentlemen!" he said to him, "there is now a new minister of the interior has been changed. Mr. de Lauriston is his chief, and he is very ill disposed towards us, for he

talks of suppressing our school. I have, however, with a great deal of trouble, obtained from him the command that before taking this step he would listen to your singing. I shall therefore take you to his residence to-night, so then be brave! your common future depends upon you. You must sing, you cannot resist—and the Conservatoire will be angry if he hoped, he can tell, he sang—he sang, he sang, and you will get off. He will not resist! No, he cannot resist—and the Conservatoire will be angry as angry can be!" As he made this last statement he hopped, he cried out, he sang—he sang, he sang, and you will get off. He will not resist! "All will go well, I am sure of it." Now, brush your coats, black your boots and buttons polished according to the recommendations of the master, wended their way toward the minister's residence. It was a long walk, but the moon throwing her gentle light upon the tops of the trees whose dark shadows seemed like blots on the earth, seemed to gaze at them more sadly, and Choron, full of anxiety, was slow in his steps, and again he had to walk along the side of the street. The young virtuous, there were four of them, each carrying a large roll of music, seeing the importance of the part, put themselves in order, and, with a slight tremor, advanced toward the minister's residence. The young virtuous, the minister's son, a gentleman dressed in black and bearing the insignia of St. Louis and of the Legion of Honor came slowly to meet them. It was Mr. de Lauriston, the minister, who said somewhat haughtily: "Are those all your pupils?"

"No, Your Excellency," answered with dignity Choron who felt somewhat embarrassed by a question in which he was not even sure of his answer, "my school numbers many pupils. The four whom I have the honor of presenting here are representatives of the advanced class. The hope of France, Ah, sounds! The hope of France! That's quite another thing!" said the minister, smiling, and his hilariously was shared in by all those who surrounded him.

The ministry will judge of their merit," replied Choron, without noticing the general hilarity. And going to the piano, followed by his pupils, he opened it, prepared lightly then: "Come, Duprez, Sendo, Dietsch, Mme. Stoltz, Mile. Duperron, and a hundred other illustrious artists were at last sacrificed to the jealousy of the Conservatoire. The reason of this was that it bore the name of 'Royal school of religious music,' and then as now they would have nothing religious in the government."

Choron, ill, received proposals from Lord Cunningham to establish a similar school in England. The offer declined due to his infirmities and died soon afterwards in the arms of Duprez and Mile. Duperron.

COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

THE COMPOSER OF "FAUST."

HARLES GOUNOD, who spends four or five weeks every summer at Ostend, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Französische Zeitung*:

"Gounod, who in spite of his six-eight years, is a very active man, reminds one in his personal appearance a little of Victor Hugo, although he was not nearly so reserved as was the hermit of Jersey. Even the traditionalists will admit that he is not lacking in originality. The composer of *Faust* is busy at work revising his older compositions. We had scarcely been introduced to him as Germans when he began descending on the glory of Beethoven and Schubert, growing more and more fond of the process and relaying characteristic traits of these great masters. Gounod had studied thoroughly, in Vienna, Austria's collection of manuscripts, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, described by Beethoven himself in five or six pages with notes and erasures before he found the first bars of his *Fifth Symphony*. After he had decided on them, he wrote the first lines of the score, holding it in his hands until it remained. With Mozart, on the other hand, 'that son of God,' who at the age of twelve knew all that he needed to know, everything flowed from the pen as if by supernatural inspiration, and remained unchanged."

THE CHAMPIONS.

LIFTER winning the championship in the American Association of Base Ball Clubs, the Browns, champions of the Chillicothe, won the championship of the American League, for the Championship of the World, and defeated them in four out of six games.

They were almost beaten trying, the last champion from the National League club. Three championships in one season is unprecedented in the history of the national game. The Browns have been "wined and dined," and the public has been gratified. It seems to us, however, that, in complimenting the players, the fact has, to some extent, been lost sight of that to Mr. Von der Ahe is due the greater share of the credit for the success. It was he who originally gave life to the Association, he who brought together the club that has won these honors for itself and for St. Louis. When, some three years ago, he was organized his plan, Mr. Von der Ahe, and the others, and all the ignorances in base ball matters rallied to his standard, entailing large loss to the manager of the "Browns," Mr. Von der Ahe stood his ground. When, later, the League was in its puerility, and for the admission of the Lucas club to its own ranks, he knew how to bide his time and wait for the demonstration of the inferiority of the latter club when pitted against the "Browns." A few months will witness the disbandment, but he never faltered, and went on spending his money judiciously but liberally, to secure the championship for the Browns, and he had his reward in large receipts, and in the knowledge that his efforts to secure the champion club have been successful; but he deserves more than the title of fellow citizens of St. Louis give him; he deserves, repeat it, the larger share of the credit for the success obtained, and is fairly entitled to the title of The World's Champion Manager of the Base-Ball Champions of the World.

They sang again and repeated whatever was asked of them, and left the ministerial residence

only after midnight, more joyful than they had come. The school was kept up and from that time on Choron's pupils were jokingly called "The hope of France."

But after the revolution of 1830, Choron's great school that had furnished such eminent singers and teachers as Duprez, Sendo, Dietsch, Mme. Stoltz, Mile. Duperron, and a hundred other illustrious artists was at last sacrificed to the jealousy of the Conservatoire. The reason of this was that it bore the name of "Royal school of religious music," and then as now they would have nothing religious in the government."

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COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DVORAK.

"YOU want me to tell you something about myself," said Mr. Dvorak of the Fall Mall Budget representative, "and of my work and career? First of all then, let me tell you that I am the son of a butcher and innkeeper, which two occupations generally go together with us in Bohemia. I was born in 1841, in a small town called

Nelahozeves, near Prague, where I spent my childhood. When about ten years old I began to play the violin without any instructions or without even the most elementary knowledge of music. It is the custom in my country that children, when they are eleven or twelve years old, are sent to a German-speaking town or village, where they learn to speak German; while German parents

Weber's "Freschus" from the gallery. My daily work was still to play in a hand organ, so I had a great deal of time available for composition, was partly at least a grand lady. I made now enough money to hire a piano by the month, and I gave a few lessons in piano playing, using all my spare time to write compositions, and I composed my first composition, which I have now long ago destroyed. I was still puzzling over the secret of the unconscious of my first composition, but light was dawning, and I began to understand that it was the unconscious that was at work, and still I was nothing but a poor, obscure musician. Then in '74 I went in competition for a musical scholarship at Vienna, and my master, Mr. Schmid, advised me to enter, and I did, and got the prize the year after ('69), but the "Sfabed Mater" which I sent was not even noticed, nobody took any notice of it. In '75 I entered again, and this time pretty well known as the composer of a Bohemian Patriotic Hymn, but still '75 had my name heard only in the musical world as a composer, and I had a short article published at Berlin by the well-known firm of Simrock, and there appeared in the feuilleton of the National Zeitung an account of them, written by Mr. Schmid, and I was very much gratified, but the time, which not only brought me a good deal of money, but after a day or two a multitude of letters from publishers, in all parts of Germany and Austria, asking me to send them my compositions, which I have been working on; my dances, songs, and symphonies have found a public, and among my larger works the "Sfabed Mater" and the

"König und Kohler," are people not popular? Now, Mr. Dvorak has come back to his own words. If it is not an indiscreet question, I should like to ask you how you compose?" With a good-natured smile and a humorous twinkle in his eyes Mr. Dvorak said: "That is rather a difficult question to answer. When I was young I composed very quickly, indeed; I had a real fury for writing, and I cared not what they were like as long as I could only get my ideas on paper. In time, however, I have learned to be more careful, and

present, after I get a new idea, I try to get it clear in my own mind before I write anything at all. I play it over twenty, thirty, nay a hundred times, till I have got exactly what I want. After that the writing does not take long, and what has been in my mind for months is on paper in about a week or even less."

"And your new oratorio, is it the first time that it will be performed at Leeds, and what is the subject of it?"

"Yes, it has never been performed before. The subject is a poem by a young Bohemian poet, Jaroslav Vrchlicky, who, though not yet thirty years old, is already an eminent man, whom at home they have called a second Byron. The subject is the conversion of the Bohemians to Christianity, and the Queen of Bohemia, Ludmila to become a Christian, while she, in her turn, persuaded her countrymen to adopt the new faith."

NATIONAL DANCES.

ACCORDING to Praeger, the German waltz better than any other nation; it is a real German dance which has sprung up on the soil. The Germans "do it with gusto, as if they were going through a religious act"—"it is exquisite, it is delightful to see it." The Germans taught the rest of Europe. We know that the author of the waltz is essentially a witness Weber, Strauss, and others. Lord Byron wrote a lyric against the waltz when it was introduced into England, at the end of the long war. It was thought by many to be a dangerous dance, and it was necessarily accompanied by the couplet. At that time, the stately minuet was in fashion, also, the *contre-danse*, vulgarly called "country dance." Qua-drilles were not generally danced in England until 1830.

The old forms of dance, as known, were much used by the great masters for their "rhythms" to help play out the scenes in the *Bouillotte*, the *Allegretto*, and the *Gavotte* in common time; the *Minuet* (or *Passepied*), the *Fasceuse* (or *Chaccone*), the *Leyre*, and the *Fandango* in triple time; the *Schottische* in common time; the *Barcarolle* and the *Bourée* with an odd eighth note on the unaccented part. The *Minuetto* was raised to the dignity of a symphonic movement by Haydn in his *Concerto in C major*, and was superseded by the *Scherzo*, the invention of Beethoven. When quadrilles were a new dance in England—this was between the years 1820 and 1830—the piano, pipe organ, and orchestra, the square instrument, had to baw out directions to the dancers, such as " lady advance," "chasse," "gentleman to the left," and so on. The "Dame de trépieds" was a favorite for purposes of pantomime, and Agatha's scene (*Act II.*), Agast's drinking song, and other and other salient airs. The late James Davison, transcribed Rossini's *Nabab* as a quadrille.

OLD ENGLISH SONGS.

NE reason why the songs of the Bulls, Blows and Blisses of olden times live on, says an old English paper, is that those plain and hearty composers were shrewd enough to anticipate the advice of Haydn—“First begin by inventing your melody.”

the simplicity of the old school; but one must be permitted to suspect that it would need many cycles of academies to produce the genius expressed in such masterpieces as "Rule Britannia," "Auld Lang Syne," "Tom Bowling," "Sally in our Alley," and scores of other air, many of them the compositions of men whose knowledge of music was hardly superior to that of Bibbin, who notoriously knew very little at all about it.

What sort of figure would the author of the "Marseillaise" have made in an examination to qualify him for a musical degree? Yet who would like to be at the trouble of count-

all the musical doctors and musical bachelors, one might be quite sure, even if their lives were the forfeit for failure, could not write the music of which I have spoken. Yet this is absolutely to the credit of Great Britain; for, though we are the most numerous—and only now are they multiplying to such an extent—of all the nations, we are the most interested in music, in comparison with the cultivation of the art in France, Germany and Italy, yet it is to our glory that English music is such that, or the sweetest, the healthiest, and the most inspiring of all the lands. Its strains are tearless as plains of roses, and the heart-stirring strains of its patriotic songs, we may expose such treasures as should leave us but little envious of the wealth of the countries in this way.

It may be said that the English musicians have ever stirred their own public as English writing writers have the people of this country.

The influence has indeed been extraordinarily great. It could not, perhaps, be even approximately assessed in respect of material details, for who could guess the degree in which the music has been influenced by such noble compositions as "Ye Mariners of England," "Cease, rude Boreas," "Ye Heart of Oak," "The Flag that braved a Thousand Years," and "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean," or how many triumphs have been achieved in the field of naval war, whose pulse has been bounding by the grand old tunes of England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland?

and, Wales, Ireland and Scotland. But its potency in domestic and social directions may, without difficulty be gathered by turning to the composition of such a writer as Henry Russell. If this gentleman were an author his name would be a famous one; for then certainly it would be known the wide world over.

As it is, there is no city, town or village throughout the United States, or Canada, or Australia where one may not hear the songs of Henry Clay Ellsler played, sung, or intoned by the descendants of the many thousands who were induced to cross the sea in search of bread for themselves and their children by such music as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "To the West," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and many other compositions familiar to

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and the nation that could produce a Dihdih to inspire the old hearts of oak should consistently yield a Henry Russell to furnish a distinct impulse to that great spirit of emigration of which the imperial importance is winning keener recognition every day.—*English Ex.*

REMINISCENCES OF GUSTAVE DORE.

THE opening of the Dore Exhibition at the unique gallery in the Avenue George V, brings to mind some recollections of that universally celebrated artist, whose career terminated prematurely after thirty-four years, and was most arduously laborious. Every relaxation of his strenuous pursuit was given on the occasions of the artistic Sunday assemblies given at his studio-home, when genius and youth, talent and beauty, gathered in a bright circle, round the fireside of that elegant apartment, in Paris, some years ago, when we were shown the wonderful Entry Into Jerusalem, which was then preparing for the annual Salon. And what a delightful, free and easy circle it was! Every soul present had a desire to contribute, and contributed what he could to the general enjoyment, but Dore himself remained the centre of it all. He would talk, sing, or walk upon his toes, and play his violin, which he had never played on the violin. He was passionately fond of music, and many illustrious in the musical world often died who came to the studio. His brother Ernest, who died before him, was a distinguished

On this occasion, however, the musical enjoyment was something unusual. Tamberlik, long past his glory, was there, and Patti too in the glow of her beautiful youth and marvelous voice—rumor had it at the time that Doré was madly in love with her, and who that saw her then as she sang us by the hour, could wonder at it? Rossini sat at the piano improvising beautiful rosinesses when not lost in his accompaniments to Patti's songs. Seated at one side with ear atten^t not to lose one silver note, was the great Meyerbeer, and near him the young Massenet whose fame was not

yet secure. Only a few weeks ago, in Paris, dining with the composer of *Le Cid* and Albert Wolff, and recalling those Sundays at Dord's the musician said with a touch of sadness in his voice: "Alas! we are not destined to that in America."

Madame Dore, the mother, was always present at these charming reunions, but all those celebrated personages that came and went had no real existence for her—she lived on for her son. She followed him from town to town, and outside of her son, and this maternal tenderness was reciprocated. The great artist seemed to have fashioned his whole life so as to avoid causing the least anxiety to his mother. She knew that Gustave Dore never slept while her great, celebrated boy was absent; and from his twentieth to his fiftieth year, when Gustave was in the city, he passed his evenings from home to home. He came in, he had to traverse his mother's room in order to reach his own bed which was in the next room. When Gustave got into bed, the mother would come in, kiss him, and say, "Good night, my son," the faithful nurse who had tended him from infancy, would bring him a bowl of something nice and warm, after which both bade good night to their spot of child. You can well understand what it cost them. When the beloved boy awoke at sleep he often arose and stole away to the studio to satisfy the tireless mental energies of that mind so phenomenal in its brilliancy and its fertility of resources. In this, the friend and artist attributed his early death to the fatigue and eximente of such labor.

Among the company was a young writer who came frequently to the studio. He had songs in vain to win the fortune's favors, and being greatly in need, was recounting his misfortunes to Dord, who, after listening a moment, said:

"We poor fellow, I fear you are unburdening me for I see some of your lame—one cent sticking out of your pocket. I advise you to take better care of your money or some one will steal it!"

The friend was astonished on looking to find the money actually protruding from his coat pocket. Dord had slipped it into while they were talking. No comrade in distress ever appealed to him in vain. I might cite the instance of one painter whom Dord saved from certain ruin by the handsomely present of 6,000 francs at one time. Many similar incidents might be told, for truly there never beat a kinder or better heart than that of Gustave Dore.

I sat yesterday evening in that repose of the beautiful silence, upon the marble steps of the church, which portrays the humble Nazarene entering the city of Jerusalem, the scenes of the artist's house came, so ready to memory to play tricks for got to sing some old familiar hymns, now conventional in singing tones; but instead I heard those angels floating under the lofty arch of Hierod singing their songs of triumph, only were they Patri songs instead of mere hymns. You know the distant rumble of the moving cables far furnished a subdued accompaniment in my brain. The afternoon passed, visions, in groups and singly, studied the great picture, and when we all went out again into the world, each carried in our gleaming of pleasure and profit of reflection and memory.

THE "WESTERN WATCHMAN" ON MUSIC, "KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION," ETC.

HEAT THE Church is the mother of modern music is a fact which even her enemies admit. For many days past we have done more of Gounod than it is the story of the cross that has inspired the noblest monuments of the art of tones. Yet it has been a common topic to us, the part of the organists and our organists, to speak of musical instruction there given was inferior to that which could be had in other institutions. Without admitting that this is a fact, it can easily be denied that there are not a few of our institutions, the classical instruction given fell short of the high requirements of the present advanced standard of musical education, and we took occasion some years since to call the attention of the public to this state of affairs. And one who has watched the work of our institutions of late must have noticed a great improvement in music. The programmes of their concerts compare favorably with the best known in Europe. The musical instruction and the programmes are executed with an artistic finish which speaks volumes for both teachers and pupils. Our good sisters have become musical and only the very ignorant now deny it. The author of the article it is a well-known fact that the very best edition of those piano works that have become classical is that issued by Kunkel Brothers of this city under the title of "Kunkel's Royal Edition"—an edition

which the best piano writers and teachers of both hemispheres have been employed to edit—and we were highly pleased recently at finding that in the concert schools of St. Louis the same edition is taught and practiced by all others. One of the sisters informed us that to her certain knowledge many of their sister institutions were quite as critical in their selection of the best. Waiting to get outside of the school, she said, "I will speak with Mr. Charles Kunkel, of Kunkel Brothers, and asked him what he thought of the present state of music in our conventional schools. He said he believed there had been great improvement over the last five years. The demand for trash has almost stopped with the purchase of the better class of music, more than trebled." Calling to one of the clerks he had the following items of the firm: "Here," said he, "we have some three or four hundred convents, from Maine to California, that deal with us. Do you see all these items marked 'royal'—those are orders for our 'Royal Edition' which contains only musical pieces. The fact that not only these pieces are chosen but that this edition is selected shows that in these institutions the music is in competent hands. It shows that the music is taught in a way that is most effectual of the maxim that 'a penny saved is a penny earned,' for you know that we furnish this magnificent edition to schools and teachers at extremely low prices. We have found that the more we expose the matter the more we find that this edition was actually furnished to our convents at half the cost of inferior ones. Economy is a Christian duty. The Lord bids His people gather up the fragments of the world and give them to His people. And we have piled and our good sisters are right to follow in the wake of the early disciples, especially when, in so doing, they observe the interests of the education of the young. The 'Royal Edition' of music, like some similar publications made by us from other music dealers and publishers met with similar answers. All agreed that the standard of musical excellence in our conventional schools was very much elevated of late years. All agreed that our convent schools were, in music, now fully abreast of any others, and several assured us that they were far ahead of the large majority of secular seminaries and public schools. This is really gratifying state of affairs. So much as has been done in the recent past, how much more can be accomplished in the future! Let the good work go on, and let us all do our best to make it that art which above all others owes its existence to the inspiration of the Christian faith and its progress to the protecting care of the Church.

NEW REASONS FOR OLD SONGS.

MCELEBRATED composer once lost his way in a dark forest, where he had to wait for a lighted candle to illuminate a distance. Meeting a person on his path he inquired his way, but the man made no response. The questioner, however, continued his search, and at length, after a long and fatiguing toil, he met him. He was at a loss to account for this until he came to the buildings where he could read the sign, "Asylum for the Blind." He explained it at once, and sat down and wrote *We Never Speak as We Pass By*.

Beethoven was once met during a heavy shower by a friend who was protected from the elements by "Lay out your umbrella," said the latter. The great master at once composed the song, *Will The Clouds Roll By*.

A composer of eminence, being told that his music was considered trashy, and that he had better "turn over a new leaf," at once wrote *When the Leaves Begin to Turn*.

Franz Aht once travelled upon a railroad where he had to wait five hours for a train, in order to get in which to eat dinner. Observing the famous gulps made by his fellow-travelers to get their money's worth in the limited time he spontaneously composed *When Six Seconds Howcrown Fly*.

Grieg once called upon his brother, who was invited to dine with them. The young man, while carving the turkey, was so abstractedly gazing at his sweetheart that he sent the goblet caused seven streams of gravy to run over his face. Grieg left without eating anything and went home and composed *The Lover and the Bird*.

Charles Gounod, the author of *Heidi*, a partner at who revolved when diamonds were led.

Sullivan, after looking all over the houses for a piece of twine to tie a bundle with, sat down in a furious passion and evolved *The Lost Chord*.—Ex.

A SONG OF REST.

O weary Hand! that all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray.
The gentle bunting, rustling trees,
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down the west,
Poor weary Hand! your toll is done,
This time for rest!—this time for rest!

O weary Feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
All day in heat, and all the while,
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees,
And soft the quiet breezes,
And softly sings the quiet breeze;
This time for rest!—this time for rest!

O weary Eyes! from which the tears
Fall in a steady stream,
O weary Heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-day the load is lightened,
And know, what Heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life,
This time for rest!—this time for rest!

—FLORENCE TYLER in *Visitor*.

In another column will be found the advertisement of a hotel in which a petticoat party of Eastern tourists stopped at the hotel during their stay in the city. The manager of the hotel, Mr. Koester, who was a native of Germany, and who had just written a poem—"using in vain" the names of several of the regular boarders. Through the kindness of Mr. Koester we are enabled to copy the poem of the German "drummer," but have room for only a couple of sample stanzas:

He was lank and he was lean,
Only bones with skin between,
And by his side a dog,
Nightly with him went to bed.
"Hartmann," said he, "tell me, do
How you live?"
—Vhy, when you'd get fitter,
You shall go and buy to Koester?

He was listless, pale to shrirk—
Tired, and his bones were bare,
"Ah, Judge Gottschalk, am I ill
Unto death—do draw my will."
—Yes, but first come, dine with me!
Fatal blunder! he felt better.
Madame will be back with Koester.

Turk Pope has refused to allow any ornaments to be placed on Liszt's grave beyond an unpainted wooden cross bearing his name and the words "Oriente pro nobis."

REALISM IN ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENTS.

HIS subject is being discussed quite freely just now by our English friends. The following is from a late editorial in the *London Musical Standard*. It is full of good sense:

"We have always regarded as supremely ridiculous the efforts made by church organists to imitate the sounds of nature. The distinction between the temperate toyiddle of our children and the Studivarius of our fathers is vast; but the distance between the thunder of God and the thunder made by putting down three pedal notes at once is infinite. We know an organist who can play the 'Hallelujah' and the 'Amen' of the Psalmist by closing all the swell stops on the 16-ft. and shutting off the 'swell to great' and 'swell to pedal' couplers. When those verses come, he always lets them ring with the right hand alone, and foot, and the instrument thunders on the right foot and left hand, the latter member putting down six or seven adjacent notes at once! The thunder is good as far as it goes, but it goes a ridiculous way. The organist of a large American induction coil, can send a spark through several inches of hard wood; God's spark, in the shape of forked lightning, rives the massive oak of five hundred years, and the power of time requires to ruin a ponderous pile of masonry, while a hundred men were ten years in building. Do not try to imitate nature on a church organ—the effort is futile, the object foolish, the result degrading to the audience, who have always expected of a noble work on God's earth that of the man who stands up to tell his brother men of the unwearying tenderness of the Father's love for the dust which His Son has come to save. The organist is the herald of the Lord Christ over erring humanity; and next to that office, in nobleness and dignity, is that of the musician to whom is entrusted the duty of educating the people. Do not let your organ be a distraction to your office by feeble attempts at the impossible! Do not bring yourself to the level of a charlatan by calling the attention of a whole congregation to yourself! Let the grand old words of King

David work their way into the hearts of the people, and help them to understand him by all the legitimate means at your disposal." The "Psalms" contained in the book with the music did not cease stops of your choir organ; if he prays, do not try to storm heaven's doors with loud-throated principals, fifteenths, and mixtures, but "reduce your voice to a whisper, and then to a tone, and it is becoming to prayer; if he praises," my strength and my salvation, draw every stop and coupler on your organ, and pray God as if you meant it. But away with such laudable frigidity! Do not mind others, tempests, and all other attempts to call attention to your organ and yourself, while you should be laying both at the feet of the Maker. The time has come when it is necessary to be silent in church; it is gross impertinence. Rest assured that there are some worshipers who are trying to realize the presence of God; those who are not thinking of the presence of God, have no soul. He has one, and asking themselves 'What am I, that Thou art mindful of me?' Do not come between these souls and their God, by going out to draw by your hideous noise what they are aiming at. Play the music before you with such expression as you are master of; the place wherein you stand is holy ground, and stage trickery is worthless in places like these. Eat, drink, and be merry, a snare and a bitter unworthy of the holy company you fill, and which you should abhor by bringing all your powers to bear upon the noble service to interpret which is your highest honor.

CHARLES FRADEL.

HARLES FRADEL, pianist, teacher and composer, died at his residence in Tuxedo, New York, Sunday Nov. 7, was interred on Wednesday at Fresh Pond, L. I., in accordance with his last wishes. Fradel had just passed his sixty-third birthday. He was born at Vienna, Austria, Sept. 29, 1821. He came to New York nearly thirty years ago, and soon won a position name to himself. He first studied with another famous author, the teacher's Fundamental Harmonies which is well known in America through C. G. Muller's translation. For some time he held a position as concert pianist to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and during his sojourn in Paris and London enjoyed the friendship and patronage of many royal and noble families, and those of the brilliant world. Richard Metternich, Prince Henry of Reuss Hohenlohe and Lichtenstein, the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, Marchioness of Devonshire, etc., etc. In his piano playing he gave better than those quoted the following from the pen of Henry C. Watson on Fradel's concert at Irving Hall, March 16, 1866, since which time he has rarely appeared. In a talk with one of us Mr. Fradel played two selections from his own works, both elegant and charming compositions. He does not claim to be a concert performer, but he nevertheless has won the great admiration of an accomplished artist. He throws character and changed expression into his performance, which give it a peculiar interest and make it a favorite with the public more often than many others who play a great deal. He played a portion of his own Grand Polonaise, which is a spirited, melodious and characteristic composition, and when he performed it got an unanimous encore, when he performed a portion of his spirit-stirring dances, which pleased every one.

Fradel wrote hundreds of light pieces for the piano-forte, the majority of which have long since been forgotten; and very few of his compositions will outlast his memory. The greater portion of them were written and sold to his needs, and he demanded that he should pay a visit to the publishers, for whom he wrote under many different names to supply a public demand in any groove taste, or be compelled to bring his compositions to the notice of the public. His personal popularity with the profession was maintained all through his life; and he never greeted his fellows without making some witty remark, or some pun. He was fond of the shining lights of the musical and literary coteries that congregated at Pfaff's and Schwartz's fifteen or twenty years ago, and outlived them all. His boyish glee, even when his person was most slender, was proverbial. He was always a gay and light-hearted man in character, and hundreds of New York musicians will have some anecdote to relate of "Charlie" Fradel. *Art Journal.*

MANY a writer of notes languishes in prison. Put another man's name on the note, you see.

OUR MUSIC.

"CARMEN FANTASIA" Paul.
"CHARLIE'S FAVORITE RONDO" Paul.
This fantasie treats two of the best numbers of this meritorious opera. Probably those who have never seen the opera will fail to fully grasp the beauty of this arrangement. Those who have, however, will get from it a double enjoyment—that of reminiscence and that of the fine development of the character, though choice Spanish melodies. The best judges give the palm of excellence among operatic fantasies to those of Paul.

"JULIA'S FAVORITE RONDO" Sidus.

Sidus has a happy faculty of dressing up dry technical details in the most attractive style. This composition, if analyzed, will be found to contain a small amount of systematic technical work, but what might be called an exercise it is an exercise without the impress of an exercise. The opening portion is particularly bright, while the trio is quite classical in style.

"CHARLIE'S FAVORITE POLKA" (Duet). Sidus.

This is another of Sidus' excellent compositions for the young. It has already been given to our readers as a solo. We now present it as a duet, in which form, of course, it makes more effect.

"DANSE RUSTIQUE" (Idyl) (Op. 23, No. 3). Schottoff.

In the September issue we gave the author's "Chant du Berger" which is No. 1 of this same opus. Aside from its merit as a piece of music whose dash and brilliancy fit it specially for concert use, this composition is one of the best octave studies imaginable. This is a recent addition to the Royal Edition. By the way, Kunkel Brothers have just issued a new edition of the "Chant du Berger" with very special prices to teachers only. If our friends of the music teaching profession have not seen it, they will do themselves a favor by sending for it. Sent free.

"LA FONTAINE" Lysberg.

This is probably the most celebrated of Lysberg's compositions, and justly so. The melody is full of inspiration and its development is most piano-like. Scholarly minds will see that in the first section the bass part is omitted, and that in the work in its original form have been removed. Others may regret that they do not meet the mistakes which familiarity has endeared to their ears. This is also an addition to Kunkel's Royal Edition. See what the best authorities in this country say about it, on the page just beyond the music.

"LOVE'S GLANCE" Kroeger.

Mr. Kroeger's compositions no longer need any introduction to our readers, who know that they are all meritorious, though, of course, not all suited to the taste of every one. This is a brilliant solo for a medium voice. The first and last portions of the words are a newspaper wail, the middle part was concocted in the REVIEW rooms.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

| | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|--------|
| "CARMEN FANTASIA," | Paul | \$.60 |
| "JULIA'S FAVORITE RONDO," | Sidus | .33 |
| "CHARLIE'S FAVORITE POLKA" (Duet), | Sidus | .60 |
| "DANSE RUSTIQUE" (Op. 23, No. 3), | Schottoff | .33 |
| "LA FONTAINE," | Lysberg | .40 |
| "LOVE'S GLANCE," | Kroeger | .50 |

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Carmen

JEAN PAUL.

Allegro moderato. M. M. ♩ — 126.

espressivo.

The musical score consists of four staves of piano music. The first staff begins with a dynamic *f*, followed by a measure with a fermata and a dynamic *p*. The second staff starts with a dynamic *f*, followed by a measure with a fermata and a dynamic *p*. The third staff begins with a dynamic *f*, followed by a measure with a fermata and a dynamic *p*. The fourth staff begins with a dynamic *f*, followed by a measure with a fermata and a dynamic *p*.

Performance instructions and dynamics include:

- Measure 1: *f*, fermata, *p*
- Measure 2: *f*, fermata, *p*
- Measure 3: *f*, fermata, *p*
- Measure 4: *f*, fermata, *p*
- Measure 5: *ritard.*, *a tempo.*, *dim.*
- Measure 6: *smorz.*, *r.h.*, *l.h.*, *do r.h.*, *I.h.*
- Measure 7: *staccato.*

Allegretto. M.M. ♩ - 126.

Sheet music for piano and trumpet, page 10. The page contains five staves of musical notation. The top two staves are for the piano, featuring treble and bass clefs, dynamic markings like *f* and *p*, and various performance instructions such as "Ped" and asterisks. The bottom three staves are for the trumpet, indicated by a "Tromba." dynamic. The music is divided into sections: "Allegretto. M. M. ♩ - 126." followed by "Allegro. M. M. ♩ - 112." The notation includes complex rhythms, including sixteenth-note patterns and grace notes.

Sheet music for piano, page 8, measures 8-12. The music is in 2/4 time. Measure 8 starts with a forte dynamic (f) and includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and pedaling instructions. Measure 9 begins with a dynamic of $\frac{2}{3}$ and includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Measure 10 starts with a dynamic of $\frac{2}{3}$ and includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Measure 11 starts with a dynamic of $\frac{2}{3}$ and includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). Measure 12 starts with a dynamic of $\frac{2}{3}$ and includes fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4).

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, specifically page 8. The music is arranged in six staves. The first staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature. It features dynamic markings like 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'p' (pianissimo), and includes fingerings such as 'x 2 1' and 'x'. The second staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature, with a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction. The third staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature, with a dynamic 'hp' (half-pedal). The fourth staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature, with a dynamic 'poco...'. The fifth staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature, with dynamics 'poco.', 'cres.', 'cen...', 'do', 'molto...', and 'cres.'. The sixth staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature, with a dynamic 'ff' (fortissimo). The music consists of complex patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes, often grouped by vertical bar lines.

Allegro moderato. M.M. — 112.

A musical score for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time. Measure 11 begins with a dynamic of ff. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note chords, while the left hand provides harmonic support. Measure 12 continues this pattern, with the right hand's eighth-note chords becoming more complex and rhythmic patterns appearing. Pedal points are marked with asterisks (*). Measures 11 and 12 conclude with a ff dynamic.

cantab

P

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

$21 \times 21 \times 3 \times 23 \times 1 \times 3 \times 1323$

f f f

Ped * Ped de... cresc... cen... do...

$x 21 \times 21 \times 3 \times 23 \times 1 \times 2 \times 323$

ff Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

ben marcato il canto,

staccato.

8.

Ped * Ped * Ped *

$1 \times 321 4 \times 21$

Ped *

Grandioso.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, page 10. The music is arranged in four staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has dynamic markings 'ff' and 'sf'. Pedaling instructions like 'Ped', 'Ped *', and 'Ped 8...' are scattered throughout. The second staff uses a bass clef and includes a tempo marking 'piu animato.' The third staff continues the bass line with specific fingering and pedaling. The fourth staff concludes the page with a dynamic 'ff' and several 'Ped' markings. The music is written in common time, with various key signatures.

JULIA'S FAVORITE RONDO.

Carl Sidus, Op. 108.

Allegretto $\text{C} = 108$.

The sheet music consists of ten staves of musical notation for piano, arranged in two columns of five staves each. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '1 3 2 1' or '3 2 1 4'. Dynamic markings include 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The first staff begins with a forte dynamic. The second staff starts with a piano dynamic. The third staff begins with a forte dynamic. The fourth staff starts with a piano dynamic. The fifth staff begins with a forte dynamic. The sixth staff starts with a piano dynamic. The seventh staff begins with a forte dynamic. The eighth staff starts with a piano dynamic. The ninth staff begins with a forte dynamic. The tenth staff starts with a piano dynamic. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth-note figures, and includes a section labeled 'OPEN.' followed by 'or $\frac{3}{2}$ '.

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TRIO.

FINE.

FINALE. Repeat Trio to Fine then repeat from the beginning to G then go to the finale

CHARLIE'S FAVORITE POLKA.

Carl Sidus Op. 101.

Allegretto — 120.

Secondo.



Copyright - Kunkel Bros. 1885.

CHARLIE'S FAVORITE POLKA.

Carl Sidus Op. 101.

Primo.

Allegretto $\text{d} = 120$.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation for two hands. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a tempo of $\text{d} = 120$. It features sixteenth-note patterns with fingerings such as 2, 3, 2 and 2, 3, 2. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It includes dynamic markings like *f*, *p*, and *mf*, and fingerings like 5, 4, 2, 1 and 5, 4, 3, 0, 4. The third staff continues the pattern with fingerings 3, 1, 3, 2, 1, 2 and 4, 1, 4, 3, 1, 3. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, with fingerings 5, 4, 2, 1, 4, 3 and 4, 1, 2, 5, 4, 5. The fifth staff concludes the section with fingerings 3, 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. The music is divided into sections labeled A, B, and C, with crescendo and decrescendo markings.

Secondo.

1. || 2.

FINALE. Repeat from the beginning to \mathbb{G} ; then go to the finale

Secondo.

1. || 2.

FINALE. Repeat from the beginning to \mathbb{G} ; then go to the finale

Primo.

8

FINALE.

Repeat from the beginning to ♫ then go to the finale

8

DANSE RUSTIQUE.

IDYLLE.

J. Schulhoff Op 23. N° 3.

Virace quasi Presto. ♩ = 120.

Copyright, Kunkel Bros. 1886.

legato.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

1 2 3 *marcato il basso.*

ff sempre marcato.

ff

f

p

legg.

1

2

3

4

5

cres.

ff

f

ff

ff

ff sempre

Fine.

LA FONTAINE.

IDYLLE.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 80.$

Ch. B. Lysberg Op. 34.

poco a poco accelerando.

dim. e rit. tento.

Andantino. ♩ = 108.

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170

8. 9. 10.

11. 12. 13. 14.

15. 16. 17. 18.

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991. 992. 993. 994.

995. 996. 997. 998.

999. 1000. 1001. 1002.

sonore il canto.

delicatamente.

poco a poco cres.

8. dim.

marcato il canto.

The musical score consists of five staves of piano music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of four sharps. The second and third staves use a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The fourth and fifth staves use a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes. Performance instructions include 'marcato il canto.' at the top, 'Rit.' (ritardando) in the middle, and 'rit.' with specific fingerings (e.g., 1 4 3 2 1 3 2) at the bottom right. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

a tempo.

p delicatamente.

cres.

rit.

rit.

sempre più decres.

rit.

126

LOVE'S GLANCE.

To Mr. George H. Wiseman.

Allegro vivo. ♩ = 132.

E. R. Kroeger.

Musical score for piano, first system. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The tempo is Allegro vivo (indicated by 'Allegro vivo. ♩ = 132.' above the staff). The dynamic is 'mf'. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The bass staff provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The piece begins with a forte dynamic.

Musical score for piano and voice, second system. The key signature changes to A-flat major (one flat). The time signature remains common time. The dynamic is 'rit.'. The vocal line starts with a short rest followed by a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with 'It was not a word, It was on - ly a look from your'.

Musical score for piano and voice, third system. The key signature changes to G-flat major (one flat). The time signature remains common time. The vocal line continues with 'eyes true and clear As the wild mountain brook; Twas a look of such love, Of such'. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The dynamic is 'mf'. The vocal line ends with 'crescendo.'

Musical score for piano and voice, fourth system. The key signature changes to E-flat major (one flat). The time signature remains common time. The vocal line continues with 'own - ership too, I for-got that the world held an-oth - er than you. None'. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The dynamic is 'riten.'. The vocal line ends with 'riten.'

a tempo.

saw it but me, But it beam'd from your eyes, Swift and sweet in - to mine, Like an
a tempo.

agitato.

Al - pine sun - rise, With a strange, trembl ing joy Was my heart thrill ed through, As it
agitato.

ritard.

strug - gled in vain 'gainst the rap - ture so new. *Piu meno mosso.*

It was on - ly a look but when words are too weak,

dim.

It is left for the eye loves own

dim.

lan - guage to speak Twas a glance from your eye, But a beam from your heart, Now 'tis
accel.

cresc.

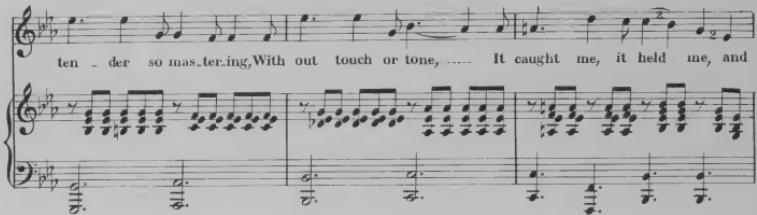
cen - do rit. *a tempo.* *mf.*

pri - son'd in mine ney - er more to de - part. It was not a word, It was
a tempo.

cen - do rit.

on - ly a look! But twas ea - sy to read As it had been a book; So

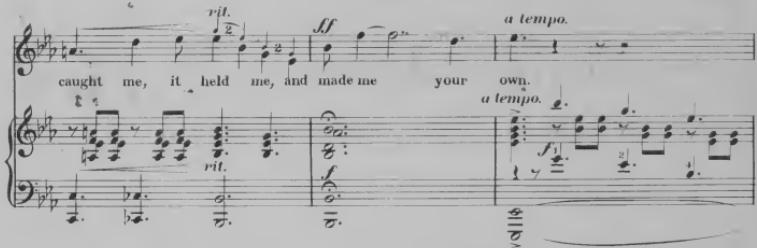
ten - der so mas-ter-ing, With out touch or tone, It caught me, it held me, and



made me your own. So ten - der so mas-ter-ing With-out touch or tone, It



rilt. *ff* *a tempo.*
caught me, it held me, and made me your own.
a tempo.



ff *ff* *ff*
ff *ff* *ff*



What Competent Critics Say of Kunkel's Royal Edition.

From

DR. LOUIS MAAS,

famous in two hemispheres both as Composer, Pianist and Co-editor with Liszt, von Bülow and Reinecke of Breitkopf & Härtel's *Pracht-Ausgabe*.

156 Tremont St., Boston, Sept. 15, 1886.

My dear Kunkel:

I have looked through quite a number of pieces in Kunkel's Royal Edition, and take pleasure in heartily endorsing the same. As far as correctness, phrasing and fingering are concerned, it is in every way most excellent, and even better than one can desire. I use it right along with my own pupils and can warmly recommend it to all teachers.

Yours sincerely,

LOUIS MAAS.

From the eminent Composer and Pianist,
E. R. KROEGER.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 9, 1886.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

Gentlemen—Your "Royal Edition" is unquestionably worthy of ranking with Bilow's celebrated edition of Beethoven's Sonatas and Klindworth's edition of Chopin's works, and the manner in which it has been finished, planned and provided with *osseus* leaves nothing to be desired. The necessity for editions of this nature is constantly becoming more and more apparent to our best piano-forte teachers, and as this edition is filling a long-felt want, it will certainly soon be as universally recognized and appreciated as it deserves.

Yours very truly,

ERNEST R. KROEGER.

From the eminent Pianists and Composers and Head Teachers of the Piano, Organ and Composition in the Beethoven Conservatory of Music,

EPSTEIN BROTHERS.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

Gentlemen—We have adopted your "Royal Edition" for use in our classes. The fingering, phrasing and general notation are simply superb. We have critically compared a number of the pieces contained in it with those in the editions of Beethoven, "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven's "La Filiese," "Roff," "Invitation to the Dance," Weber's "Polonaise," E flat, etc., etc., with the editions of these pieces published by Breitkopf & Härtel, Cott and Augener, and cannot but say that yours is superior to them all in every respect. We hope you will continue to add to its numbers all the best known classical and modern compositions, as well as editions of the kind now used by the best teachers and pupil. Your doing so will unquestionably secure the approbation of every good teacher in this country and in Europe.

Truly yours,

MARCUS I. EPSTEIN.
ABRAHAM J. EPSTEIN.

St. Louis, Sept. 3, 1886.

From Boston's most eminent Musical Littérateur and Critic,

LOUIS C. ELSON,

Boston, Oct. 4th, 1886.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

All the me that you ask for the convenience of examining some of the numbers of your "Royal Edition" of Classical and Standard piano works. It is probably the finest of American editions, at least nothing equal to it in printing annotations, and general correctness has ever been seen by

Yours truly,

LOUIS C. ELSON.

From the great Pianist and Composer,

JULIE RIVE-KING.

My dear Mr. Kunkel:

I am more than pleased, I am delighted, with your "Royal Edition." It is, in my humble opinion, far superior to the best European editions. The excellent printing, intelligent phrasing and great correctness of the music, make it a credit to the American enterprise of your house.

Your editions cannot fail to be all but universally adopted by the better class of teachers, and I have no doubt that they will eventually replace for the large sums you must have said the reviews. I have missed my July number of your *Musical Review*, please supply it, as I preserve the volumes. "Could not keep house without it," you know.

Yours truly,

JULIE RIVE-KING.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1886. *

From Boston's great Pianist and Teacher,
CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

Boston, Oct. 30, 1886.

Dear Mr. Kunkel:

I have had occasion to see many selections from your "Royal Edition," and it gives me pleasure to say that I have used your editions with the most gratification and peace of mind than any other edition of the same works that I have used in my teaching. Yours truly,

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

* * *

From the most distinguished Pianist, Composer and Teacher of the Northwest,

EMIL LIEBLING.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.

Gentlemen—Your Royal Edition of standard pieces deserves the endorsement and encouragement of the best teachers in the country. It stands second to none, and excels most of the existing first-class editions in fingering, phrasing and correctness.

Faithfully yours,

EMIL LIEBLING.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2, 1886. *

From the distinguished Musician, Teacher and Critic,
FRANZ BAUSEMER.

Messrs. Kunkel Brothers:

Gentlemen—Your "Royal Edition" is in scope, method and execution a remarkable undertaking; it is a contribution to that steadily increasing class of literature which we owe, in great measure, chiefly to the critical research and acumen of such pedagogues as Hans von Bülow and Carl Klindworth. The universal demand for such critical editions satisfies the needs of the teacher and students will not be slow in finding out the many valuable features embodied in your edition, and recognizing the great help it will lend them in their labor.

From the first volume, the Royal Edition has grown to proportions which give us to think that it will, in time, embrace not only the standard works of the masters, but also the compositions of those writers of new schools and new periods who in their time have been epoch-making in the progress of the piano by works of lasting merit. That this catholicity in the selection of compositions is a feature of no small importance will be readily agreed to by all musicians. Teachers know that the quality of matter is a chief factor for a healthy development and the formation of sound judgment in any branch of art. The greatest usefulness of this edition, however, will be found in its didactic qualities, its methods of method and system in fingering and phrasing, the elimination of all doubtful places in the text, the clear representation of embellishments and abbreviations; and right here we may add that the editor of each page in this edition demonstrates the special aptitude and great experience and the discriminating carelessness of its editors and revisers. As regards correctness of text, clearest of print, and appearance in general, the Royal Edition is, indeed, without a rival.

Yours truly,

FRANZ BAUSEMER.

St. Louis, Sept. 5, 1886.

From the great Composer, Pianist and Teacher of New York,

WILLIAM MASON.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

GENTLEMEN—Please accept my thanks for the publication you sent me, which, after considerable delay, reached me safely at last. You ask my opinion of the *Etudes de la Vélocité* (Royal Edition). I have examined with interest, and think your suggestions and additions both practical and useful.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM MASON,

* * *

From the renowned Composer and Teacher,

EUGENE THAYER.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

DEAR SIRS—Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your edition of Czerny's *Études de la Vélocité* (Royal Edition), and to thank you for this most useful edition of this world renowned studies. I have never seen the "ossia" arrangement for the left hand must be of special benefit; for as you say in your preface, "it often happens too much neglected." I wish all the students of piano and organs in our country could be brought to realize the great advantage and benefit which would result if they were to give more attention to studies of this kind. I wish you much success with your beautiful edition. Very truly,

EUGENE THAYER.

* * *

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Yours very respectfully,

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* * *

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Respectfully,

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Respectfully,

SISTER M. EUDOCIA.

* * *

From ST. MARX'S INSTITUTE.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 7, 1886.

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Sirs—I have been using your "Royal Edition" for over a year, and I find it far in advance of all other editions. It is a great aid to the teacher and a sure guide for the amateur.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Boston, October 20, 1886.

Eugen GERCKE, Musical Reviewer.—After a few doubtful concerts, at last we find ourselves in the thick of the season, with symphony concerts already begun, and club concerts, chamber music, and the like, all in full swing. The symphony concerts opened last week with the following programme: Overture "Euryanthe," by Liszt; Madame River-King; Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2 in D, Jr., Liszt; Symphony in A, by Brahms; "The Four Temperaments," by Rachmaninoff; Danzante con moto;—Con moto modulare;—Sarabande (Presto). I am glad that Mr. Gercke does not follow the custom himself, of calling Mr. Henschel did, with Beethoven's "Dedication of the House." After a few years it would have been well to do so, but now it is tiresome. It always reminds me of the clergyman who had had dinner for three consecutive days, and when the fourth came, he said, "I am once again at the meal." Why, my dear, said the anxious inquirer, "you have not eaten since Saturday?" "I have responded the husband," I've asked the Lord to bless his old man as I'm going to do, and he has been in the orchestra (which has about 75 members) this season, but the most important of the house players are the harpists, who are first-class artists as players, and the harpist who is a mere youth, but a wonderful player whose tone is clear and ringing, and whose playing is beyond compare. His movement made in, or rather above, the stage, at the opening concert, in the shape of a huge somersault, was the talk of the town, and the audience applauded him. I can only say that it did so in a marked degree, but the effect was not so great as to make him a star. Mr. Gercke, however, cannot say that it did so in a marked degree, but the effect was not so great as to make him a star. Mr. Gercke, the conductor, was recovered with much enthusiasm, this being his first appearance. Very good indeed was the performance of the programme, which was excellent, but certainly best in the Liszt Rhapsody, where all the players were in full swing, and the whole thing was brought out in a perfect manner. In this the flute did some excellent work, and the violin, too, was very good. The harp also had important work to do, and did it gloriously. The harp has become so regular an instrument in our musical life that it is difficult to imagine it could rely upon good performances in future in such passages as the slow movement of the Liszt Rhapsody, and the like, as that of Cowen's Welsh Symphony, and other similar works with important harp passages. The piano concerto was also well done, and the piano solo, by Mr. Baus, whose technique suits ex-cellently to such a work. In octaves, trills, runs of sixteenth notes, and the like, he was superb. His performance alone is the example of the entire work was perfect.

The only other concert of very recent date was a "List Memorial Concert," given in aid of the Musical Fund, by Mr. Otto Bodix, assisted by Signor Roboli, head of the Royal Conservatory of Milan, and others. The programme made up, entirely of the compositions and transcriptions of the dead master, and both songs and piano works went finely. But the organ, which was the chief feature of the concert, Thursday evening some of the faculty give concerts which are not to be missed. The organ is a fine instrument, and equal enough, when one thinks of the talent which is in the faculty, and what, therefore, may be expected. The List Memorial programme is to be repeated by the same artists down town at Bunnell Hall, on Friday evening, and I would particularly advise you an opportunity of attending this tribute to List, who, however, always preferred being known by his operatic and oratorio works, rather than by his piano compositions.

Next month there will probably be a host of concerts to be recorded by

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PT. MYERS.

PT. MYERS, Fla., Oct. 28, 1886.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW—"YOUR MUSICAL REVIEW" is a very welcome visitor to me away down here in this
isolated part of the country. I have never seen any musical instru-
ments organs in this village of about 300 inhabitants. Is not that
speaking musical only well if so small a place? There are some
good lots of old houses here, but not as well built as others
whose only love for it is as for anything else fashionable.

There is no organ in this town, and I am very greatly at-
tractive, both as to reading matter and music. "Sleep Thou,
My Child" is the first song of this class that I ever liked. This
I consider the best of all the songs I have ever heard. I must speak
in commendation of the instrumental.

You can now have the flutes of every music teacher for the
cost you pay in our selections in your Review, thus sparing
being so complete.

Yours, thankfully, M. G.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

PIPES FROM PRAIRIE-LAND, Minnie Gilmore—New York:—Cost
of \$1.00, post paid. It is good to a practitioner against books of poems
and young ladies. The author's descriptions of the pipe
hangings of the skies," etc., make one think that the youthful
poet is a pipe-smoker. The book is well bound, and is a
sort of upholstering establishment or millinery shop. When
they attempt sentiment, they not infrequently try the Byronic
style, and when they attempt the sentimental, they fall into the
style of a female page on the stage, like the page of reality.
But are interested, it is true, in the pipe, and the pipe
is the pipe of preference. When we took up Miss Gilmore's very
tastefully printed book of poems, to read it, we did so in a
manner which was not likely to offend any pipe-smoker appointed.
We read at first with suspicion, then with interest
and finally with pleasure. Miss Gilmore is young yet, and as
any young poet, writes poems drawn from the
influence of her favorite poets, not so much in manner as in
method. She has a good deal of originality, and she has
a breezy freshness which well befits its title. There is not
sentimentality. Nature is natural and the sentiments are not
proud, lack—but pure gold of a feeling soul. Miss Gilmore
does not write like a girl, but like a woman, and we
shall look with pleasure for excellent work from her more
as she grows older. We are sorry to learn that she is the daughter
of the famous bandmaster whose portrait graced our
last issue. We speak incidentally of the work in the his-
torical sketch of Our Country, which does not seem to have
been glanced at the outside of its covers. Hence, our descrip-
tion of it was not to do with the dramatic, prudential statement
that it is a treatable work. We repeat it, however, it is not only
readable, it is quite meritorous.



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PROF. CHARLES W. LAMSON, Director of Clark University College of Music, has been appointed to lecture on the History of Music, accompanied by illustrative programs.

Mosna. Augustus Raus & Co., with characteristic energy, have rebuilt the factory which were destroyed so recently, and in rebuilding have considerably enlarged it. They are now making pianos of a size and quality which are more determined than ever, they say, to make the Raus piano the best piano of them all.

M. Gourson delivered a discourse at the annual public meeting of the Paris Academy, on the 25th ult., his subject being "The Art of Arranging." A young French composer defined as "one of the three incarnations of the ideal in music," and the author of a number of compositions, is coming to-day in Victoria. Will somebody snatch me from the station, as I might not recognize the journey?

The Scientific American, published by the great patent agency of the United States, contains the first really useful publication of its kind in the country. Indeed, it occupies a field distinctively its own. Not alone for the medical and mechanical sciences, but also for the arts, for popular pleasure and study. It is the standard authority on scientific and mechanical subjects. It is placed in a very low state of subscription, \$1 per annum, which places it within the reach of all.

During a rehearsal of the new ballet, *Viviane*, at the Eden Theatre, a gasman, one of the grommets, forgot to bring the match and, during a firework, set off a bomb which exploded in the orchestra. The musicians, who saw the scare on the right side of the stage, took to their heels, but none of them escaped personal injury. Viviane and other instruments were smashed to pieces, and the rider, who had so proudly kept his seat, was thrown to the floor, where he lay unconscious, his wrist only. The gasmen and grommets ultimately got the animal back to his stable, the rehearsal being abandoned for that night.

The election of Mr. George H. Chickering as president of the Handel and Haydn Society places one of Boston's first gentlemen in one of the most important musical positions of the city. Mr. Chickering has been prominently identified with the growth and development of Boston's musical life for many years. His business capacity, culture and refinement are so widely respected that the choice naturally fell upon him as the most worthy representative of the society. No name could be named. It would seem evident that the Society's selection will meet with a wide-spread public approval.

The Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy State scholarship, for composition, is given annually by the German Society, of Schwelm, formerly a scholar of the Royal Saxon Conservatory at Leipzig, and that for piano playing means to the pianist the same as the Mendelssohn scholarship to the city of Stuttgart. From the reserve fund of the bequest, smaller amounts are given to scholars in the cities of Berlin, the Royal Academic High School of Music at Berlin, and Gerhardine Morgan, also a pupil of the same institute. Hermann Flasch, a pupil of the Royal Conservatory of Madrid, and to the blind organist, Bernhard Flaschbach, of Leipzig.—*Ad. Mus. Zeitung.*

The sudden death at Stratford, near Ontario, Canada, is announced of Harry Kennedy, a well-known Scotch vocalist. Being a British musician, no biography of him can be found in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary*. Mr. Kennedy, however, died on April 1st, 1886, when he was almost entirely self-taught. For some years he was a teacher of singing in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, and of the church. His concerts of Scotch song, and particularly his *Night of Burns*, first became popular in Scotland, but soon spread to America, and were received with great interest through England, and also through America, Africa and Australia. As a singer of Scotch songs, there was no greater favorite among Scotchmen in many parts of the world.—*London Figaro*.

I do not believe we are ever likely to see in England, at any rate in its Parisian form, the well-known *Adagio ad Agamemnon*, composed by Mr. Gauvin, and depicted in the libretto by Blum and Goetz, produced recently in the Nouveau Théâtre. The story concerns the love of Agamemnon for Mademoiselle Théo as Eve, surrounded by hives of graceful Fairies, exceeding the age of sweet sixteen, as angels. All are, however, in a state of innocence, save the Fairies, except their innocence. The music was light and sparkling, but sang with a certain pathos, rather than a sweet voluptuousness. For example, Agamemnon, in his latest agony, a trewsy of steam yachting on the Seine, with a chorus of steam whistles, and the sound of the hissing of the steam, and the general noise of the letting off steam, are the accompaniments of this bold adaptation. The younger Brahms made a very graceful adaptation. Adagio ad Agamemnon, bringing the first strain bending low with the forbidden fruit, was Eve.—*London Figaro*.

According to some chatty and interesting "Reminiscences of Mozart," contained in recent issues of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the true author of the libretto of "The Magic Flute" was not the famous man of letters, Emanuel Schikaneder of Hall, who earned a precarious livelihood as a chorus-singer at the Imperial Opera, but a certain count, Dr. von Westhoff. The story of the opera, as it is told in it, is based upon Westhoff's "Lulu," and Schikaneder's share in it amounts to something like half a dozen lines. The author of the story is one odd personality, Pasanago and Parapago, although he has always been credited with the authorship of the entire *Flute*. The author of the libretto is a caricature of official fancy and under realism displayed upon a background replete with the most absurdities. The author of the story, however, is he by no means altogether so absurd as some superior persons at the present day would have us believe. To conclude the anomaly, it is related that the author of the story, Pasanago, perjured body of Freemasons, and thinking himself suspected as a traitor to his country, fled to America, and thence to Vienna (about the year 1760), and eventually became a highly-respected professor of natural history at Dublin.

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One morning, when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All the world was green—green—green—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing;

I, in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She, in her green dress, with her nose,
And her nose tipped—vice versa;

I, with my rod, my reel, my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She, with her green coat, her green boots,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lillies teeter,
And the blue water lilies quiver,
And she lived like a queen.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the sun would not rise;
And the halter about my waist.

And when the time for departure came,
The big wag was flat as aounder;But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A fish, a fish, and—oh, powder!

HAVANAS musical performances usually draw light houses.
It is remarkable how much they love music. One hardly ever comes without bringing a vial. Vials are the cymbals of their profession.

SURE—"How do you like my new hat?" It was of shining yellow silk, and was a long time since, as he saw it, any one had been at an evening party, but len't a brass band rather too loud?

SARAH!—"said a colored waiter in a New York hotel to Thomas.—"Thomas!—has long since, as he saw it, any one had been at an evening party, but len't a brass band rather too loud?"

A St. Louis physician of note, who in his younger days was a tea-dealer, has a son who is a great singer. "I don't sing at night, because, as he says, 'You see, in that way they avoid you,' because they think I am a wreck or a heap of rubbish."

FIZZIE!—"A paper thus describes a talkative female: 'I know a lady who talks so incessantly that she won't give an echo fair play; she has such a strong rotation of tongue that an echo must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words.'

WHAT, SISTER!—"Never make fun of a poor singer. He may have fallen on the ice when young, and cracked his voice.—Philadelphia Chronicle—which would make it a fail-sitter voice if it ought to have made it a nice voice in the lower register.

GEORE SELWYN once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall relate to your son," said the author, "but I will add a letter from her ladyship, where, after her signature stood: P. S. ——. I say, right you are."

MARY BARRY relates that in Pittsburgh the secretary of a cremation society, came to her and wanted her to sign for the benefit of its "furnace fund" — and actually had the impudent audacity to demand payment to give her free cremation whenever she should need it!

A nayor little boy who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought to be in school instead of playing in the street. "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but I'll wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be a fight."

ONE day Spohr, who was on a tour in America, Beethoven, met him in New York after several days of having passed without seeing him, when he asked if he had been indisposed. "No," said Beethoven, "I was not ill, but my bouts were, and as I have only a single pair, I had to remain indoors until they got well."

CATARRH CURED.

A clergymen, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, at last found a prescription which completely cured and freed him from it. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease satisfied with the following receipt: Take a small quantity of the bark of the sassafras root, 22 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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Are provided with receipts, of which the adjoining cut is a fac-simile, save that in the regular receipts the firm signature of the publishers is not printed, but written in ink. Any one giving his subscription to a person not provided with these receipts does so at his own risk, as the publishers WILL HONOR NONE OTHERS, unless they actually receive the cash for the subscriptions.

Cast Royal is in Liverpool, looking after the scenario for Mr. Corder's new opera, *Nordics*. The idea that the music resembles *The Bohemian Girl* is, of course, only Mr. Corder's little joke, although the principal numbers in the score are, of course, similar to the wondrous story unfolded by the poet, Bundini. In Mr. Corder's opera, the principal character is a young North American Indian. Mr. Corder uses dialogue, but accompanies it throughout with a solo singer, who is to be played by the famous M. Massenet in *Monsieur*. The chief parts will be played by Madames Burne and Gaylord, Messrs. Sorel and Savary, and the author himself. The author has given his name to consider the libretto of a new opera from the pen of a genuine of Birmingham. Good libretto-writers are wanted highly enough.

A DRAMATIC spud in the *Politaine Theatre*, of Pisa, France, is recorded in the journals of that country. The opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was being acted at the time of the performance. Once the elated youth of Milan, named Giovanni Flore, occupied one of the proscenium boxes. During the performance he was moved by the appreciation of the performance, especially the singing of Brinnilla, applauding vigorously each air. At the end of the play he rose from his seat, and went up to the stage to speak to the actress. "This is my life is attained!" With these words he drew a revolver, placed the muzzle to his temple, pulled the trigger, and fell dead at the feet of the prima donna. Another fool gone.



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